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Fisher College presents

The Charles Viewer

Untitled 1 - Ayisha Eddins

SPRING 2014

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Table of Contents

A Note from the Editors....4

Camera Shy by E. Martin....5

Just Believe In Me by K. McFarlan....6-7

Knock Me Out! by T. Tran....8-9

Just A Swift Drag by V. Villavicencio....10-11

Untitled by S. Erbe....12

My Heart by D. Williams....13

The Curse of the Perfectionist (The Honor Student) by E. Martin....14-15

Do You See Me? by E. Martin....16

Dear Rain by L. Vasquez....17

7 Hours Locked Down by J. Smith....18

Untitled 3 by A. Eddins....19

Never Letting Go by P. Laurent....20

Untitled 5 by A. Eddins....21

Untitled Poem by S. Erbe....22

-Need- by E. Martin....23

Untitled Essay by A. Webster....24-25

Balance of Life by L. Vasquez....26

Girl's Best Friend by E. Martin....27

Just Like Every Day by B. Chan Hwang....28-29

A Condition by E. Martin....30-31

Field Day by L. Williams....32-33

My Mother; My Real Superhero by E. Mosquea....34-35

REF
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A Note from the Editors

Dear Fisher College Community,

After reading the submissions of this year's Charles Viewer, we, the editorial staff, have become aware of a recurring theme. All of the pieces that we have received have given us a sense of seeing into a slice of life. For this issue we feel the need to celebrate these individual slices and present them as a completed confection. This issue is filled with the beauty of spoken word, poetry, short stories, and creative nonfiction. These are writings about the life, the struggles, and the triumphs of young adults. These works are filled with emotion and meaning. We hope these writings will touch those who will read them and resonate for years to come.

The visual works in this issue of The Charles Viewer also reflect this theme. They are moments (slices of life) forever frozen in time to always remind us of the feeling of days gone by. These visuals invoke timeless feelings that complement the emotions expressed within the literary works. Also, each piece of visual work signifies the complexity of the simplicity of life. We hope these visuals can reach and impact peoples' lives by reminding them of the simple yet often overlooked lessons of life. Life is ever changing and fleeting. Don't let a single slice get thrown away in vain.

We also would like to take a moment to thank Dr. McGovern, President of Fisher College; Dr. Walton, Division Chair of Liberal Arts & Sciences; Dr. Lisa N. Jackson, Director of Student Activities; Chereva McClellan, Assistant Director of Student Activities; and Christina Martin, Integrated Marketing Coordinator. Also, we would like to take a moment to recognize our parents, teachers, and mentors who have encouraged all of us to be creative and expressive throughout the years.

Settle down with a good cup of coffee, relax, and savor each simple yet complex slice of these wonderful lives.

Sincerely,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff

Erin Martin

Youssra Abdelmonem

Ayisha Eddins

Luiz Vasquez

Elsa Mosquea

Dr. John Martino, faculty adviser

Camera Shy

Erin Martin

If someone was to ask me what's my purpose in life

I'd say to rack up on as much bread as I can to survive

With a future & a family I have to provide

Only people considered friends are the ones that would ride

Living prosperous requires hard work

But if I can't stand my supervisor then how does it all pay off

It's no days off falarin says it best

Thankful for every 24 hours breathing I'm blessed, yes!

Every morning's a clean slate

Building off of what happened the past three days if it involves something negative I'm switching up my pattern

I'm living & I'm learning so the past no longer matters

I'm getting on my Steve Nash only I'm not shooting for the rim

I'm shooting for the stars

I'm plotting on going far

For those of you that doubt me one day I'll catch you off guard

I live, dream, & rap, hip-hop has my heart

If someone were to ask me about my dreams

I shoot for the stars

Cause of my height they ask me if I play ball

All my life I had dreams of the NBA draft Kenny McFarling #22, now that's in the past

Captain of my high school team & then I quit

But my dream still lives on rapping & making hits, but what's my back up plan?!

Well....I'm trying to get this bachelors in business

& once you start something you have to finish, yea....

Man, you could do whatever you please

Put your mind to it, try most likely you will succeed

& line the chorus says

Just Believe In Me

Kenny McFarlan

You just have to believe even though you may not receive all the credit you need
Or the credit that you deserve
No one on earth is superb

To be the best that I can be I have to put in that work
Don't ever, ever, ever let somebody tell you, you can't
What I'm working for isn't easy, I just think you should .....

Just believe in me

Just Believe In Me (Cont.)

Kenny McFarlan

My best friend, and still she is, was holding a flat-bottomed glass with light amber liquid inside in front of me and whispering, "You better drink this, babe." I took a deep breath and drank; the smell made my head ache, and it burned all the way down. I tried to keep my balance, but then the alarm startled me. I turned my body to shut it off, and realized it was just a lucid dream. I sat up and did not want to pull out my warmish blanket. This dream on Sunday morning brings me back to a memory of a nearly 15-year-old girl who quite carefully planned her first drinking experience.

It was the summer of 2009; I had decided to go to a club and try to do something that people usually called hang over. A tricky part of going out and getting drunk is lying to my mother. I would tell her that I was going to sleep at my friend Aubrey's house; certainly, she would call every single hour until bedtime. That was how my mother managed me.

This was the first time I went to a club. It was on the top floor of a shopping mall. I was staggered because after I opened the door, it was a different world. The music was extremely loud; I could not hear everything my friend said. The lights were so colorful that I had only seen something like this on TV. They put the fancy sofa together with glassed tables. Besides that, I was amazed because the girls were beautiful. They were mostly dressed in shiny skirts and wore makeup carefully. I, too, had spent three hours to look for the best outfit and put my makeup on.

I always feel out of place and alone in social situations. My friend advised me that drinking would help me to relax and not be afraid to dance, so I started drinking to ease the pressure. Alcoholic drinks do not always have a very pleasant taste, but I still sat there and drank alone while everyone else was dancing. After gulping down six Hennessy VS cognac shots, I knew people did not drink cognac like that but I did. The music was pounding inside my head and waiting to break it apart. The feeling stopped me from drinking further. My mind was still awake, but I could not control my actions. Every single part of my body was totally exhausted, but I was still unsure about what terrible thing I had done to myself.

Knock Me Out!

Tran Tran

At 3 o'clock, I guessed, the music was fading away, and the lights were turned on. I knew this was the time for me to escape this "delightful heaven." My friend led me by the hand; of course, she stayed sober. The elevator was no longer working, so we had to walk. I told myself to concentrate and avoid falling down the stairs. When we got in the taxi, her friends suggested that we should go somewhere to eat. Thinking about food, I wanted to vomit. However, I endured and kept it inside my stomach, because I definitely would have lost face if I did that in front of people I had just met.

Arriving at the restaurant, I felt a warm putrid feeling rising up in my throat, and a bitter taste filling my mouth. I was running in circles, frantic to find a way to get the unrecognizable glop out of my mouth. Then, I darted to a lamp-post the moment I saw it; my feeling was exactly like I had seen a light at the end of a tunnel. At the same time, I squatted down and started to vomit. Although a tingling, almost burning, sensation was left in my throat, I felt better than ever. After that, I did not remember anything till waking up the next day. I did not know how I got to her home and who changed my clothes. My hair had a disgusting smell – a mixture of smoke and sweat, I thought.

I would like to know the specific strategies for making the morning after less hard on my conscience. Sometimes, I think it is better to just deal with it as the natural consequence of my drinking. After a jubilant night, the next day was a day full of regret. It is partly this cringe sort of feeling where I replay in my head various conversations, exchanges with people, and stupid things I did or said. It all compounds into a kind of retrospective social anxiety that seriously makes the next day a real trial. I'm quite quiet but become loud and occasionally mischievous when drinking. I did a big step to degrade myself and treat my body to a whole day of headache and feeling dizzy. Now, I have learned a way to avoid a hangover, but I am still ashamed when I am reminded of this first time.

Knock Me Out! (Cont.)

Tran Tran

If you have ever watched TV, you perhaps realize that smoking should be an awesome and carefree custom. In fact, smoking used to be a "cool" or "elegant" habit. Just take a look at Hollywood actors when they smoke in their movies; they look so high-fashion. However, today it is considered a dangerous vice, able to make people sick. Nevertheless, young people end up smoking because of social pressure. I mean, for example, when your friends encourage you to try it, just as mine did to me. Do not worry; I am pretty good with avoidance maneuvers, so I never even tried it.

When I was little, I used to watch my mother smoking. I hated the smell, and before I realized it, I was fighting with her to quit. Even though I tried to make her understand the damage it was doing to her health, she was too addicted. Now I know she really tried to quit, but back then I was too little to understand her frustration.

I grew up and one day, my mother took my best friend, Mariana, and me to a fancy party at the Venezuelan Embassy in Italy. There we met the charming ambassador's son whose name was Pietro.

Pietro took us for a walk in the resident's French gardens. Pietro started speaking about his country and many funny differences between Venezuela and Italy. We were laughing so hard, when out of the blue, he turned back and smiled hopefully.

"Hey, *signorinas*, do you have a cigarette?" he asked with his cute Italian accent.

"Of course I have," Mariana responded to my immense surprise.

She took out of her pink purse a white and blue box of cigarettes. Then Mariana put one cigarette to her lips and lit up. Mariana took two drags and, with the cigarette smoke curling around her pretty brown hair, gave it to Pietro. He breathed in and exhaled the smoke a couple of times. Then, with a satisfied smirk, he turned to me.

"Wanna, *principessa*?" he asked winking at me.

"No," I responded automatically.

"*Amore*, it's just a swift drag," he assured me, extending his right hand with the cigarette between his middle and ring fingers.

"Come on, don't be a spoilsport; give it a shot so you can know if you like it or not," Mariana insisted holding my left hand tightly.

Just A Swift Drag

Victoria Villavicencio

That was the moment I glanced at the cigarette and wondered if it was worth it. After all, my best friend apparently liked it, which meant it couldn't be too bad. I really tried to remember why I always refused. Why did I lie and say that I already tried it and didn't like it to my friends when they were persistent about it? Indeed, Pietro was the one who was offering it to me, and he looked so happy and fulfilled. Maybe I was wrong and I had to give it a try. Just when I started to move my right hand to take it, Pietro took a step back.

"Let her alone, *bella*," Pietro said to Mariana. Then he turned to me and said, "You are lucky that you never tried it, *tesoro*," he gestured with an elegant movement of his right hand.

I just stayed there, in a guilty silence, somehow managing to keep the smile on my face. I lost an opportunity to be part of a new and "cool" experience. I was so disappointed with myself. I had always been the girl who takes any risk and any chance with new things or experiences. It was so unlike me. I passed all night wondering about why I was feeling like that.

Ironically, the next day I understood two important and vital things. The first one was what a silly girl I was that night. I truly didn't resist the temptation because I was just going to smoke. In fact, Pietro recited and understood something I didn't. He said to us the same thing I told myself many times, "You are lucky that you never tried it." I was weak, and in that moment I came to understand how easy it is to try and fit in, and how terrible you feel when you are left out. The second thing I understood was that I don't need to lower myself to satisfy others. I learned about my weakness and became stronger and wiser.

Now I know how lucky I was that night. Who knows if I had tried it and liked it? That moment helped me to respect myself and learn to see new experiences with an objective eye. I am still a risky girl, always happy to do new things. But now I am sure about my beliefs when I refuse certain "cool experiences." After all, I am my best guardian.

Just A Swift Drag (Cont.)

Victoria Villavicencio

Untitled

Siena Erbe

My heart
is just a part that I keep
separated from the mind,
and then I find
That my heart
isn't weak.....

Now apply that to life.

There's a message within us all.
Until you find yourself, you may never know what you are.
And if you need some motive, you never know who's involved,
when you look into the mirror,
Exactly who was it you just saw? - Cuz it ain't just you.
And who you are isn't defined by the things you do.
Rather, you do what you do because of who you are.
And I know who I am,
But who are you?

My Heart
Daniel Williams

I know I'm smart when it comes to class
But what about the street?
Am I showing off with too much scholarly panache?
Do I come off too crass?

Why do I agonize over what I write and say?
Does my essay prove my point?
When I open my mouth to speak, does anyone really care about what I say?
Why does it feel like I'm the only one who is on her way?

But the path is still dark and sometimes I stray
My attention span is a problem
My motivation isn't worth a wad of spit
Hours are wasted as I idly sit

I don't necessarily want to be a pedestal child
It's really tall, quite the distance to fall
Someone's always trying to tear it down
I feel like I'm suffocating from the weight of responsibility's crown

But I do it because there's an unidentifiable force within that cares
This damn competitive streak that taunts me as I try to sleep
It nags at me like the unrelenting devil on my shoulder
Stabbing me in the neck with the bloody pitchfork made of fear of failure

"I can't fail, I need to be better!" my soul screams at me
Most days I'd rather hit snooze and let the world take care of itself
But my ambition refuses to sit quietly on a shelf
Why do I keep playing mind games with myself?

The Curse of the Perfectionist (The Honor Student)

Erin Martin

I've come to terms with the perpetual exhaustion that is my condition
Burning eyes and a gloomy disposition
Never fully content with the task that I just complete
But I do not acknowledge my perfectionist ways with deceit

I accept that there will always be a feeling of being incomplete
I will get way too involved with projects better left alone
And the crazy part of it is that I am this way not expecting anything in return
An obedient dog not demanding a bone

I have and always will be obsessive, compulsive, and neat
Rarely is it my nature to miss a beat
I know I'll always be driven half insane by the nonchalant sum of my fears
Even now, things have been as they have been for years

And if in twist of circumstance I cannot be the best
I still refuse to be the worst
Alas, never relief of this internal curse
Welcome to the perfectionist's mentality, my dual blessing and curse

The Curse of the Perfectionist (The Honor Student) (Cont.)

Erin Martin

Do You See Me?

Erin Martin

Dear Rain,

Thank you for everything you have done for us through the millions of years that the earth has been created. Today and the past few days you have been crying because of the lives that were lost on Friday. When it rains, here is the reason why: "The sky cries because she mourns the lives of good people who have left the earth"

Dear Rain

Luiz Vasquez

The second bell rang. Trevor walked into our study hall. He said, "We are about to go into lockdown." Literally 30 seconds later, our principal's voice came on the loud speaker announcing we were now in a "full, high-security lockdown and everyone needs to get away from windows and doors." Everyone went from calm, cool, and collected to scared for our lives. The school went dead silent. 2 hours into the lockdown, my teacher got up and went to the computer to try and get some sort of insight as to what was happening. We turned on the news and everywhere commentators were saying, "Elementary School Shooting: Newtown, CT." Everything seemed like it was flashing on the screen. So much was happening all at once.

3 people killed. The next image that popped up was Newtown High School and Bethel High School, my school. Were they coming for us next? No one truly knew at this moment. 5 hours into the lockdown. The death toll was now up to 13-15 people. Most of whom were children. Our hearts sank more and more.

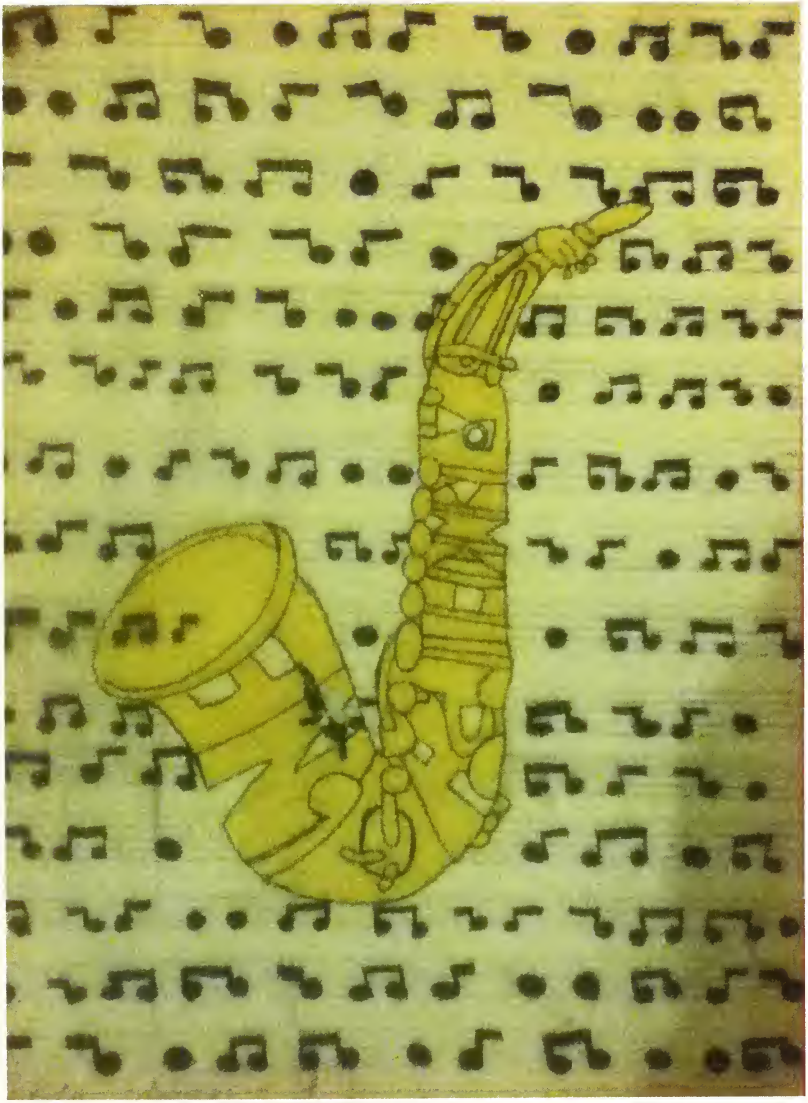
My teacher told us not to use cellular devices or any electronic devices. At a time like this, how could we not? I proceeded to call my mom who was at home. Her voice was shaky and I could tell something terrible had happened. Mind you, my house is only about 5 minutes away from the elementary school. Bethel and Newtown were on extremely high security. Police cars had been patrolling my street and streets surrounding the elementary school. My mom told me she was okay and that she loved me.

7 hours into the lockdown, you could tell everyone was getting reckless and hungry. All of a sudden, the principal came back over the loud speaker. We all forgot about our grumbling stomachs at this point, and listened. He announced a recap of what had happened that day. His voice was full of tears and sorrow. 26 innocent lives taken. Images of frightened children kept popping up in my head.

Reports had been coming through all day of a large maroon van coming to my high school, but thankfully they were wrong. In the last hour, a policeman went on the loud speaker announcing we were out of lockdown but each class would be police-escorted out of the school and to their appropriate cars or busses. For that day, the terror was over until the list of the 26 deceased came out. Our lives, my life, were forever changed. RIP Angels.

7 Hours Locked Down

Jordan Smith



Untitled 3

Ayisha Eddins

It's funny that I can't find the words to bring you back, but yet every failed attempt rushes you further away from me and with me is where I want you to be; living out moments of bliss rather than reliving them. Closed eyes see what could have been, as the smell of your gentle fragrance rushes though my mind and I'm instantly transported; and I feel the brush of your hair against my face and the warmth of your lips against mine. And you tell me all your deepest secrets.

Yet mine remain untold, loving and yearning for you remain in my still aching heart.

And yet I cling on to this heartache, hoping that it will miraculously turn into happiness; and what is now a nightmare would be reverted back into a fairytale.

Joy seems to flee at the sight of a helpless romantic, leaving traces of sadness to follow; not knowing right or wrong, it courts what it covets. Pain is an old friend and hope sticks around to dangle the prospect of us reuniting.

Never Letting Go

Pedario Laurent

Untitled 5

Ayisha Eddins

I-I had a dream that one day we
Could be united instead of fearing to look into our enemy's eyes
Like the reflection through a magnifying glass we reach for something bigger
We look but never cease to find peace in the streets
And at dawn you wait, peering at the stars for an answer
But they seem to have lost their shine lately
And you wonder in a world so small, how to shine bright
But you move on through the blackened streets
Following the stars above that create a crescent-shaped path
Where does it go?
Why, to our enemies' deepest joys.

Untitled Poem

Siena Erbe

-Need-

Erin Martin

On October 3rd, 2012, I began to live the dream I had pursued for so long. I was attending the Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandise. It was too bad that my dream school was 3,000 miles away from home, but I was to do what it took to achieve success. My mother helped me make my big move out to sunny California. My mom stayed with me for my first week of school. We tried not to cry thinking about the distance we would soon share. On Saturday, October 5th, at 6:00 a.m., my mom left California. The day she left was the first day I started living in my apartment with three complete strangers. I suddenly began to feel empty and alone.

My mom and I have a bond like no other kind. Most people would say our relationship is more like sisters. All of a sudden I was faced with the challenge of having to grow up overnight, and knowing if I had made a mistake to live across the country. There was no turning back. Reality came in and it hit me hard. I started to wonder if the move I made was the right one. Months passed by. It was winter break, and I was finally able to go home. I was so excited. To me, it was odd being home, almost boring because I had gone from the city girl to back in the suburbs.

Boarding the plane back to Los Angeles was troublesome; leaving all over again but this time I knew what I was going for. In February, my mom visited me and I was the happiest girl in the world. My mom and I had been visiting California for years. When I think of L.A., I reminisce about all of the great times we shared. We always made sure we checked out the entire hip celebrity go-to restaurants. When she was in L.A. I described how homesick I was feeling and she said, "You can do it Ash. You only have till June."

What I had forgot to mention was that on July 2nd, 2012, my stepfather was diagnosed with stage four, inoperable pancreatic cancer. He was given only one year to live. The bad news had a huge impact on whether I should start college so far from home with my step-father so ill. My step-dad said he would be very disappointed if I did not attend FIDM. I knew he was right but I did not want to leave him. He is what pushed me to work hard; I guess you could say I wanted to make him proud. On March 16th, there was an emergency and I had to fly home immediately. My stepfather did not know I was coming. When he saw me walk into the house he almost had a heart attack, and started to cry joyfully. Unfortunately, things didn't turn out well for my family. I had to leave all my things in California and withdraw from FIDM. I was deeply saddened.

At this point in my life, I realized it would be best to stick around Boston and try to go to college here. I applied to two schools: one was Fisher and the other was Bay State College. I was just about to start taking night classes at Bay State College but found out I was unable to take fashion-related classes until my sophomore year. I knew, coming from a fashion school, that taking general classes would bore me to death. So at the last minute at the end of summer, I committed to Fisher College and started in the fall. I am so happy with my choice. I wouldn't take it back for anything. I am happy that I got to experience life in California, but I wouldn't change a thing now. I know my step-dad is looking down at me smiling, knowing I made the best choice. I know he is helping me every step of the way!

Balance of Life

Luiz Vasquez

Girl's Best Friend

Erin Martin

A couple years ago, I was a secretary in a military-related company. One day, I woke up a little bit early. I ate breakfast, put on my uniform, and left home after saying goodbye to my parents. I then took a bus full of passengers and got off at the nearest station from my work place. When I got to the work place, a few co-workers, mostly soldiers, were already outside. High-ranks were drinking coffee and mid- and low-ranking soldiers were mopping to make the front of the building clean. After they saw me, some of them said hello and the others lightly bowed to me. I answered them by shaking my hand and entered the building.

I entered my room, hit a light, opened windows, and brought cups and instant coffee bags to the office. When I entered the office, the highest-ranking soldier, Hong, said, "There he is. Hey, we were just talking about you. We have a rookie here." Because I hadn't had any report about new recruitment, I said with a surprised voice, "Huh? How? I mean how did that happen? Our officer made a—surprise—'another mistake'?" and Hong said, "I think so. You should check your recent report after you interview him. By the way, put in double for me." I made two cups of coffee and sat in a chair. I asked while I was sitting in the chair, "How's the thing going?" "Just like every day," he replied. "Oh, really? Including having a new man?" "Nah, you know, it's just the kind of thing that happens regularly," he answered with a giggle, and I grinned. "Not for him, but for us. Huh?" "Yes, that's the point," he replied. When I finished this small chat, I ordered the freshman to go to the conference room and be ready so that I could interview him. "Hey, Hong, wanna join with me?" "No. Will there be any fun? Obviously not, right? So, I won't." "Then don't ask anything about him. OK?" I replied. "Hell NO, I'll go with you. Should we call one more?" "Don't think so. Let's make it short. Let's move."

When I entered the room, I saw a highly strained, alert, and exhausted man, just as I expected. After he saw me, he stood up as fast as he could and saluted me. "Easy, sit down. We're not here to make you uncomfortable," I said while answering his salute. Hong and I sat on chairs, and the soldier kept standing. "So," I said, "let me ask you some very basic questions. Who are you? And when did you finish your boot camp?"

Just Like Everyday

Byung Chan Hwang

"My name is Jung Won Lee and I finished boot camp yesterday, sir." "Ok, how was it? You like it much?" "Not really, sir, and I'm really happy to get in here," he replied with a tense voice. "Don't you think you'll miss that camp? Maybe you will," Hong said with a smile. "Actually, this guy, the boss, and I are called two devils from deep hell and there's one more. Like Kerberos in hell. Aren't you worried about that?" Right after he heard what Hong said, he went a little bit pale and answered, "Of course I'm worried, but here's the thing. Whatever comes to me, I'll do my best, sir." I kicked Hong's ankle a little bit weakly. "Hey, what's that for?" he asked. "Don't make him more embarrassed. I don't want to make him cry or panic. 'Mister devil.'" "Oh, come on. I'm just telling the truth so he won't mess with us. You don't want to be bothered because of a freshman, right?" "Yeah, but that was BAD." "Whatever, let's stick to the interview then," Hong said.

"Ok. Hey Lee, sorry about that." "It's ok. I'm ok, sir." "I haven't had any reports about you so we don't know much about you. Anyway, I'm going to read your record and then let's talk about which departments I have to send you to, ok?" "Sure, sir," he replied. "Is there anything you wanna hear from us?" "If I can ask one question?" "Sure you can. Also, if you have more things to ask, please tell me or Hong. So, what's your question?" "What's it really like every day here, sir?" he asked reluctantly. When Hong and I heard that, we started laughing loudly at the same time. "Sorry, but don't be embarrassed. That was a good question. We haven't heard a question like that, have we, Hong?" "Yeah, that was a nice question. I think I like him." "What? You love him? Wow." "No, you idiot. Like. LIKE." "Just kidding. So, about your question, you'll know about that whether you want to or not. We'll show that, so don't worry. Anyway, we're on the same ship. Welcome aboard." The new soldier, Lee, and I shook hands. After the conversation, I sent him back to Hong's place, returned to my room, sat in my chair and got started on my work. Just like every day.

Pisces. I am a woman with a soul made of water.
But somehow, this water bubbles up and over
There's a fire that thrives inside
I don't know where it came from
But I like its warmth

Born in the month of March
A balance of the lion and the lamb
These days I'm less like the lamb, less meek
I can feel the fires of the lioness burning in my cheeks

Perhaps it's the fire of wrath, sin six of seven
Or perhaps it's God's rage sent straight to me from Heaven
Or maybe I'm no longer afraid of the she-beast that lives inside
She has matured, giving my fickle heart reason to live on
Gently flame kissed and only slightly blackened, my heart beats on

Sometimes I fear that my watery soul
Will douse out this newfound flame within my being
But it's the realization of this fear that causes the fire to flare
And singe the walls of my doubts
It makes my soul bubble and start, keeping it from falling apart

A Condition

Erin Martin

I still struggle with dancing through this fire with grace
Sometimes it's not easy to save face
Sometimes the fire burns, turning my soul to steam
That wisps away in silent evanescence
Leaving me feeling like a ghost

But in the storms of my grief
The rain falls down upon my face
Returning my lost soul to its rightful place
Back into the depths of my elemental being
Back to the soft sputter of my simmering spirit

Though a woman of water, I am in control of my soul's fire
Despite at times feeling like the flames are of my funeral pyre
I always rise up from my soul's ashes, reborn
Like a woman phoenix, I am baptized by the wisdom gained from my misery
My soul will live forever like the ceaseless currents of the ocean

Always returning to water
Tis the condition of the Pisces.

A Condition (Cont.)

Erin Martin

Brisk winter breeze, a night on the field,
Sitting on the cold rough turf-like grass,
Sort of like Home Depot's plastic grass.
Brushing mini solar-like rocks off of my pants,
It felt as if my fingers were mouth sores & I had to drown them in Novocain.
(Get it? Yeah my fingers were pretty numb)
Besides the thought of my cheeks being frozen
It was such a beautiful night.
Surrounded by the sight of leaf-like grass, the white and yellow
colors of a football field.
I've never seen the city look so good,
The lights were Hollywood shiny as the stars
In the clear dark blue sky were glistening.
I could've sworn the moon was playing
peek-a-boo with me.
Kin to the Boston skyline what a beautiful sight
In such a harmonious environment.
My mind was on sprint (no, not the phone company)
Lol, my thoughts were becoming slaves to my emotions,
I began to sulk in all five senses to get a better enjoyment of the night.
As time passed me by, the sun started to rise,
yellowish-red with a gorgeous pinch of orange,
almost as if Mother Nature had planted a giant peach.
As the air became calm, it smelt like an old deep freezer or an empty storage box.
Tugging on my blanket, tasting my lovely watermelon lip-gloss
from licking my lips to keep them from becoming dry.

Field Day

Lexus Williams

Eventually the silent peaceful night became a lousy chaotic morning.

Sirens, fire trucks, ambulance, and birds singing their beautiful morning melody.

As reality arrived, my fantasy began to flee.

Being on the football field was my getaway from the cold lonely world.

It was an escape to a secret place only I knew of internally.

I felt invincible, way better than getting "lost in a book."

It was almost as if I got a glimpse of my own life.

How can one feel so lonely in a world full of people?

The field symbolized the world, how lonely and cold it can become sometimes.

My blanket was the warmth we all yearn and crave for;

As well as the strength one needs to escape from unwanted chaos.

The birds symbolize hope, because despite our troubles

Hope will always be there no matter what happens or how lousy the world may seem.

Last, the sirens represent the raucous activities and violent situations one has to face day to day. In conclusion, life to me is like a football field, loud and rowdy or calm and quiet.

For the record, to my readers, whenever life becomes too much to handle always remember like Little Orphan Annie, *The Sun Will Come Out Tomorrow*.

"There's always hope, fate, and belief," Lexus.

Field Day (Cont.)

Lexus Williams

When people are asked who their favorite hero is, they say Batman, Spiderman, Superman, and Thor. But those are just imaginary characters. What about their mothers? Aren't they superheroes? My mom is my superhero. She is the best woman I have ever known in my entire life. I love her to death. I admire how hard working she is. She is the head and the owner of the house. I'm really proud of her because I don't know how she can handle everything by herself.

When I was a little girl in the Dominican Republic, I saw how my mother would sew people's clothes in the neighborhood we lived in to make money. The money she made wasn't sufficient enough to buy a lot of food, but it was good for something at least. She would have to wait until my dad sent her money from the U.S. so she could have a full fridge. Later on, she started working as a preschool teacher to make extra money. We were in a position when she had two jobs and it wasn't too exhausting for her. That's when I first learned from her that to be able to survive, you have to work hard.

In 2002, when I was around 8 or 9, my sister, my mom, and I moved to the United States to live with my dad. A few months later she had her first job at the Gillette factory. I barely saw her when she was working there. When I went to school, she was sleeping, and when I was home, she was working. I felt like my mom wasn't living with me even though she was. I was missing her all the time. I was a little girl at that time and didn't understand. I thought she was leaving me for the job, but later on I understood that she was working to support us. I remember I told her, "But dad works. Why don't you let him do that?" She always told me that a woman has to be independent; we can't always rely on men because you never know when he is not going to be there.

I love the fact that my mom takes care of her family. She bought a house three or four years ago. My dad told her that he was going to help her with the mortgage. That was a lie because after she started working, he stopped working. He is lazy and treats my mother badly. I really don't know why she is still with him. I don't understand why he would treat a woman like my mother so badly.

I felt proud and bad at the same time when my mother had to work two jobs to pay for the mortgage because she was always exhausted; she barely slept or ate. She was getting sick all the time. She got so sick that she even developed asthma and allergies. One day she had an asthma attack. I felt like the world had flipped upside down. I was so scared; for a moment, I thought she was going to die. I can't picture myself without my mother. She is my world, my heart, my best friend, my everything. She is the only person I would die for.

She is a really caring, warm mother. She has always been there during my ups and downs. She is always there whenever I need her—when I'm sick, when I'm crying, or even when I need a laugh. My mother has her days like any other mother, but when it comes to having fun, she is very funny. She can make you laugh until your stomach hurts. I'm very thankful to have her in my life. Because of her, I am the person who I am right now.

My mom is my hero because she has struggled a lot to keep her family standing. Not a lot of women do that by themselves. I'm proud of her. When I look back, I ask myself how she does it because I wouldn't be able to do what she does. I'm not as strong as she is, but I guess that when you have a family you have to do everything you can, even the impossible, to keep your family standing.

In conclusion, when someone asks me who my hero is, I tell them it is my mother because superheroes are just imaginary characters and they will never be there for you. She is the most special thing I have, and I want to keep her until I no longer exist. I thank my mother for bringing me into her life.

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